

Amon Amarth, Once Sent From The Golden Hall

Rumbling thunder cracks the sky
And rain starts pouring down
Lightning strikes a cold bright light
Upon the blooddrenched ground

The sword play is hard
And many falls
Steel bites sharp in flesh
And upon a mountain
Towering tall
Stands the messengers of death

Five horsemen in armour bright
Waiting in the flashing light
Looking down upon the field
Where Vikings fight with axe and shield

On stallions black as night
With eyes burning red
They ride with thunder to the fight
Deliverance of certain death

A wacry loud as Heimdall's horn
Echoes across the land
Enemies who hear it freeze to the bone
Friends of doom proudly stands

They ride faster than the wind
With lightning speed they strike
Black ravens follow where they've been
To feed from those died

With power they wield their swords
As they ride down fleeing men
Sending them to Hel's dark court
To never come back again

The warriors ride once more
To the mountain from which they came
Once sent by the Gods to war
And they never return in shame